THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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SELECTIONS.

THE LIFE OF DR. SAMUEL FINLEY.

(From the Assembly's Magazine.)

MR. SAMUEL FINLEY was born in the year 1715, in the county of Armagh in Ireland, and was one of seven sons, who were all esteemed pious: his parents possessed the same character. They gave him such an education as their circumstances permitted, and, in a country school at some distance from home, he was early distinguished for uncommon proficiency in his studies. He left his native country when he had attained only his 19th year, and arrived in Philadelphia on the 28th of September, 1734. It had pleased God to awaken and convert him very early in life, and by many and various dispensations of his providence to prepare him for those important stations, which he afterwards filled. He first heard a sermon when he was six years old; and not long before his Death was heard to say, that he well remembered the text, and that from the day on which he heard the sermon he conceived strong desires to be a minister; and accordingly, almost as soon as he was capable of forming any resolutions respecting himself, he determined to devote himself to the service of the sanctuary. With this view he spent several years after his arrival in America in completing his studies, during which he was particularly attentive to theology.

After a due course of Presbyterial trials, he was licensed on the fifth of August, 1740, to preach the gospel, and was ordained on the 13th of October, 1742, by the Rev. Presbytery of New-Brunswick. The first part of his ministry was employed in long and fatiguing itinerations; and the records of several of the churches which he visited contain honorable memorials of his diligence, fidelity and success. A little before this time a remarkable revival of religion had commenced, which still continued: in this Mr. Finley was a coadjutor with Messrs. Tennent, Whitefield and others, and his labours were remarkably blessed at Deerfield, Greenwich, and Cape May, in New-Jersey. He preached likewise to great acceptance for six months, as a stated supply to a congregation in Philadelphia, of which Mr. Gilbert Tennent afterwards had the pastoral charge. In June, 1744, he accepted a call to Nottingham, in Maryland, on the border of Pennsylvania, where he continued near seventeen years, faithfully discharging the duties of his sacred office, and had the pleasure to see the work of the Lord prospering in his hands. During his residence at Nottingham he instituted an academy, which acquired great reputation, and attracted students even from distant parts. Mr. Finley was justly famed as a scholar, and eminently qualified as a teacher. Under his instruction many, very many youths received the rudiments of an education, and correct moral sentiments, which have since placed them amongst the most useful and ornamental members of society.

Upon the death of President Davies, the Trustees of the College of New-Jersey elected Mr. Finley as his successor in that important office. Great were the struggles of his mind on this occasion. His love to his people, and theirs to him, was of the most tender kind, having long been nourished by the affectionate assiduities of uninterrupted friendship. But a prospect of more extensive usefulness, and in that way in which Providence had already so remarkably succeeded his labours, inclined him to think it his duty to remove. He therefore accepted the invitation given him by the Trustees, and removed to Princeton in July, 1761. Upon this event the hopes of the well wishers to the College revived, and the clouds which had so long hung over that nursery of religion and learning began to be dissipated. Raised expectations were formed by Mr. Finley's friends, and they were not disappointed. Under his care the College flourished and acquired additional reputation, and his own fame became much more extensive. He was known in various parts of Europe, and corresponded with many eminent men there, among whom was Dr. Samuel Chandler, of London, who in all his letters evinced the most sincere esteem for this his distant friend. Such was the opinion his friends in Scotland entertained of him, as a divine and a scholar, that, without his knowledge, they procured for him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, from the University of Glasgow. He received his diploma in 1763.

Unremitted attention to the duties of his station very sensibly affected his health, and produced a fixed obstruction in his liver. He repaired to Philadelphia for medical aid, where he died, on the 17th of July, 1766, in the 51st year of his age.

He was twice married. His first wife was Miss Sarah Hall, a lady of an amiable character, who was truly an help meet for him; by her he had eight children, of whom one only is now living. She died in the year 1760, and in 1761, Dr. Finley married Miss Ann Clarkson, a daughter of Mr. Matthew Clarkson, formerly an eminent merchant in the city of New-York, and a lineal descendent from David Clarkson, B. D. who was ejected for non conformity, in England, in 1671. This lady still survives.

Dr. Finley was in sentiment a Calvinist. He was a scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven. His sermons were not hasty productions, but filled with solid good sense and well digested sentiment, expressed in a style pleasing to the man of science, yet perfectly intelligible by the more illiterate. They were calculated to inform the ignorant, to alarm the careless and secure, to comfort and edify the saint, and to make the sinner in Zion tremble.

As a man he was remarkable for uncommon sweetness of temper and polite behaviour; given to hospitality, charitable without ostentation, diligent in the performance of the relative duties of life, and in all things shewing himself a pattern of good works.

When the Dr. first applied to the physicians in Philadelphia he had no apprehension that his dissolution was so near, as it afterwards appeared; for he observed to his friends, "if my work is done I am ready. I do not desire to live a day longer than I can work for God. But I cannot think this is the case as yet. God has much for me to do before I depart hence."

About a month before he died, his physicians informed him that his disease appeared to them incurable; upon which he expressed entire resignation to the divine will, and from that time till his death, was employed in setting his house in order. On being told by one of his physicians, that according to present appearances he could live but a few days longer, he lifted up his eyes and exclaimed, "then welcome Lord Jesus."

On the Sabbath preceding his death, his brother in law, Dr. Clarkson, one of his physicians, told him that he perceived a visible alteration, from which he apprehended his death was at hand. "Then," said he, "may the Lord bring me near himself. I have been waiting with a Canaan hunger for the promised land. I have often wondered that God suffered me to live; I have more wondered, that ever he called me to be a minister of his word. He has often afforded me much strength, which, though I have abused, he has returned in mercy. O faithful are the promises of God! O that I could see him, as I have seen him heretofore in his sanctuary! Altho' I have earnestly desired death, as the hireling pants for the evening shade, yet will I wait all the days of my appointed time. I have often struggled with principalities and powers, and have been brought almost to despair. Lord, let it suffice." Here he sat up, and closed his eyes, and prayed fervently, that God would shew him his glory before he should depart hence; that he would enable him to endure patiently to the end, and particularly, that he might be kept from dishonoring the ministry. Then he resumed his discourse, and spoke as follows; "I can truly say that I have loved the service of God. I know not in what language to speak of my own unworthiness. I have been undutiful. I have honestly endeavored to act for God, but with much weakness and corruption." Here he lay down and continued to speak in broken sentences, as follows; "A Christian's death is the best part of his existence. The Lord has made provision for the whole way; provision for the soul, and provision for the body. O that I could recollect Sabbath blessings. The Lord hath given me many souls, as crowns of my rejoicing. Blessed be God, eternal rest is at hand. Eternity is but long enough to enjoy my God. This, this has animated me in my severest studies; I was ashamed to take rest here. O that I could be filled with the fullness of God! That fullness which fills heaven!" Being asked if it were in his choice, whether to live or die, which he would choose; he replied, "to die; though I cannot but say, I feel the same strait that St. Paul did, that he knew not which to choose; for me to live

is Chriſt, but to die is great gain. But ſhould God by a miracle prolong my life, I will ſtill continue to ſerve him. His ſervice has ever been ſweet to me. I have loved it much. I have tried my Maſter's yoke, and will never ſhrink my neck from it. His yoke is eaſy and his burden is light." "You are more cheerful and vigorous, Sir," ſaid one of the company; "Yes," he replied, "I riſe or fall, as eternal reſt ſeems nearer or farther off." It being obſerved to him, that he always uſed the expreſſion, "dear Lord," in his prayers, he anſwered, "O! he is very dear, very precious indeed! How deſirable it is for a miniſter to die on the Sabbath! I expect to ſpend the remaining part of this Sabbath in heaven. One of the company ſaid to him, "You will ſoon be joined to a bleſſed ſociety; you will forever hold converſe with Abraham, Iſaac and Jacob, with the ſpirits of the juſt made perfect, with old friends, and many old faſhioned people." "Yes Sir," he replied with a ſmile, "but they are a moſt polite people now" He expreſſed great gratitude to friends around him, and ſaid, "may the Lord repay you for your tenderneſs to me; may he bleſs you abundantly, not only with temporal but with ſpiritual bleſſings." Turning to his wife he ſaid, "I expect my dear to ſee you ſhortly in glory." Then, addreſſing himſelf to the whole company, he ſaid, "O that each of you may experience what, bleſſed be God, I do, when you come to die; may you have the pleaſure in a dying hour to reflect, that with faith and patience, zeal and ſincerity, you have endeavoured to ſerve the Lord; and may each of you be impreſſed, as I have been, with God's word; looking upon it as ſubſtantial, and not only fearing, but being unwilling to offend againſt it." Upon ſeeing a member of the ſecond Preſbyterian church in Philadelphia, he ſaid, "I have often preached and prayed among you, my dear Sir, and the doctrines I preached to you are now my ſupport; and, bleſſed be God, they are are without a flaw. May the Lord bleſs and preſerve your church; he deſigns good for it yet, I truſt." To a perſon from Princeton, he ſaid, "Give my love to the people at Princeton, and tell them that I am going to die, and that I am not afraid to die." He ſometimes cried out, "The Lord Jeſus, take care of his cauſe in the world!

Upon awaking the next morning, he exclaimed, "O! what a diſappointment I have met with! I expected this morning to have been in heaven!" Great weakneſs prevented his ſpeaking much this day, but what he did ſay was the language of triumph.

On the following morning, with a pleaſing ſmile on his countenance, and with a ſtrong voice, he cried out, "O I ſhall triumph over every foe! The Lord hath given me the victory! I exult! I triumph! O that I could ſee untainted purity! Now I know that it is impoſſible that faith ſhould not triumph over earth and hell: I think I have nothing to do but to die; yet, perhaps I have: Lord, ſhew me my taſk!" After expreſſing ſome fears leſt he did not endeavour to preſerve his remaining life through eagerneſs to depart, and being told he did nothing inconſiſtent with ſelf preſervation, he ſaid, "Lord Jeſus into thy hands I commend my ſpirit; I do it with confidence; I do it with full aſſurance. I know thou wilt keep that which I have committed to thee. I have been dreaming too faſt of the time of my departure, for I find it does not come; but the Lord is faithful, and will not tarry beyond his appointed time."

When one who attended him, told him that his pulſe grew weaker, he cried out, "that is well."

In the afternoon the Rev. Mr. Spencer called to ſee him, and told him; "I have come, dear Sir, to ſee you confirm, by facts, the goſpel you have been preaching; pray how do you feel?" To which he replied, "full of triumph! I triumph through Chriſt! Nothing clips my wings but the thoughts of my diſſolution being *delayed*. O that it were to-night! My very ſoul thirſts for eternal reſt." Mr. Spencer aſked him, what he ſaw in eternity to excite ſuch vehement deſires in his ſoul. He ſaid, "I ſee the eternal love and goodneſs of God; I ſee the fulneſs of the Mediator; I ſee the love of Jeſus; O! to be diſſolved and be with him; I long to be clothed with the complete righteouſneſs of Chriſt." He then deſired Mr. Spencer to pray with him before they parted, and told him, "I have gained the victory over the devil; pray to God to preſerve me from evil, to keep me from diſhonouring his great name in this critical hour, and to ſupport me with his preſence in my paſſage thro' the valley of the ſhadow of death."

He ſpent the remaining part of the evening in bidding farewel to his friends, and exhorting ſuch of his children as were with him. He frequently cried out, "Why move the tardy hours ſo ſlow."

The next day, July 16, terminated his conflict. His ſpeech failed him; although he made many efforts to ſpeak, he could ſeldom do it ſo diſtinctly as to be underſtood. A friend deſired him to give ſome token whereby his friends might know, whether he ſtill continued to triumph; whereupon he lifted up his hand, and ſaid, "Yes." In the afternoon he ſpake ſeveral ſentences, but little could be collected from them. Some of the laſt words he ſpake concerning himſelf were, "after one or two engagements more the conflict will be over." In the evening, about 9 o'clock, he fell into a ſound ſleep, and appeared to be much more free from pain than he had been for many days before. He continued to ſleep without changing his poſition, till about one o'clock, when he expired without a ſigh or a groan.

During his whole ſickneſs, he was not heard to utter a repining word; and in all the farewels he bid his friends and relations, he was never ſeen to ſhed a ſingle tear, or exhibit any mark of ſorrow.

He was interred in the ſecond Preſbyterian church in the city of Philadelphia, adjoining his once intimate friend, the Rev. Gilbert Tennent. The exceſſive heat prevented his being removed to Princeton, where the duſt of his predeceſſors lay, but many of the ſtudents came from thence to pay the laſt tribute of reſpect to the remains of him, whom living, they admired and loved. Eight of them carried the corpſe to the grave; and a ſermon ſuited to the occaſion was preached by the Rev. Richard Treat of Abingdon.

A Tomb Stone, with an Engliſh inſcription, covers his grave in Philadelphia; and at Princeton, the Truſtees of the College of New-Jerſey have erected a Cenotaph to his memory, with an inſcription in Latin.

Mr. ORLANDO,

I find that in your publication, a knowledge of the learned languages is ſtrongly recommended to all, who would become complete maſters of general literature I muſt coincide with you in opinion. It is a branch of education, which ought not to be neglected. An acquaintance with the Latin tongue is peculiarly important. And to improve and amuſe young Latiniſts, who read the Literary Tablet, I ſend you a few eaſy and intereſting ſelections from ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed writers of antiquity. The following ſketch of Hannibal is from the pen of Cornelius Nepos.

X.

Hannibal, Hamilcaris filius Carthaginienſis.

Si verum eſt, quod nemo dubitat, ut populus Romanus omnes gentes virtute ſuperarit, non eſt inficiandum, Hannibalem tanto præſtitiſſe cæteros imperatores prudentia, quanto populus Romanus antecedat fortitudine cunctas nationes. Nam quotieſcunque cum eo congreſſus eſt in Italia, ſemper diſceſſit ſuperior. Quod niſi domi civium ſuorum invidia debilitatus eſſet; Romanos videretur ſuperare potuiſſe. Sed multorum obtrectatio devicit unius virtutem. Hic autem velut hæreditate relictum odium paternum erga Romanos ſic confirmavit, ut prius animam, quam id, depoſuerit: qui quidem cum patria pulſus eſſet, et alienarum opum indigeret, nunquam deſtiterit animo bellare cum Romanis.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

The exiſtence of a GOD *manifeſted in his works.*

EVERY object, preſented to the view of man, manifeſts a Supreme Being. Nor does the flower, which blooms unſeen, and waſtes its ſweetneſs in the deſert, afford a leſs diſplay of divinity, than the ſpacious concave, adorned with innumerable ſtars and planets, which "wheel unſhaken through the void immenſe." The beauty with which all nature glows, and the perfect adaptation of the ſeveral parts of the univerſal whole, at once refute the wire-drawn ſophiſtry of the Atheiſt, and ſtrongly impreſs on the mind a conviction, that they have been moulded by the plaſtic hand of an all-wiſe and omnipotent Being. Nor in their beauty only are we enabled to trace the divine Architect. Were the volume of nature unfolded to our view, we ſhould diſcover that there exiſts not one uſeleſs particle of matter. Innumerable ſpecies of animated beings, exiſting for a moment, and which have never been delineated by the naturaliſt, form each a link in the great chain of exiſtences, extending from infinity to nothing. With what ſublime ideas muſt a contemplation of the works of Deity fill the ſoul! When we look abroad on ſurrounding objects, from the oak, which for centuries, has braved the tempeſt, to the roſe which adorns the valley, our minds cannot but be filled with admiration. The moſt minute objects, which being familiar, are diſregarded, if viewed in all their connexions and conſequences, muſt convince us that they are formed by deſign, and that their author is worthy of adoration.

But when we contemplate the more ſublime ſcenes of nature—the tempeſt ſpreading deſolation,—the volcano overwhelming cities in one univerſal ruin—the earthquake engulphing whole provinces in unfathomable abyſſes,—when we ſend our imagination into the illimitable regions of ſpace, and behold ſyſtems on

ſyſtems purſuing their deſtined courſes in the utmoſt harmony, we exclaim, there muſt be a God.

Notwithſtanding man, unable to inveſtigate the manner in which the Sovereign of the Univerſe brought things into exiſtence, when "he ſpake, and it was done," can only know that for him all things were made, and that to comprehend it would be but ſatisfying an impertinent curioſity, he is endowed with faculties, which enable him to make nature ſubſervient to his uſe. By the art and induſtry of man, are the moſt powerful agents of nature made to promote his felicity. By his induſtry the barren heath, is turned into the fertile field, the whole earth teems with the bounties of nature, and every breeze wafts him the conveniences of life on the boſom of the ocean. Though all the works of creation from the towering cedars of Lebanon to the humble hyſop ſpringing on the wall, carry evident marks of divine impreſſion, it is in man the exiſtence, power and goodneſs of a God are particularly diſplayed. His form is calculated at once to pleaſe and terrify. The fierceſt beaſt, which roams the foreſt, and ſatiates his hunger with blood, at ſight of man ſhrinks appalled. Dignity, the emblem of that ſoul, which animates him, marked in every feature, in every movement, is a ſtriking characteriſtic of him. But though man, in beauty ſurpaſſes all animated beings, as a being endowed with reaſon and reflection he more particularly arreſts our attention. His mind is ſo organized that it ſeems to want no powers, no capacities of perception, no inſtincts or affections which are neceſſary, or can be conducive to the completion or happineſs of a being, perfect in all its parts, and manifeſting its divine mechaniſm. Theſe powers are indeed left rude and unpoliſhed, that art may have full ſcope in unfolding, and raiſing them up, and bring them to maturity. But as the ſeed, which contains the ſtamina of the future plant, calls for the enlivening rays of the ſun to produce the ambroſial flower, ſo do they require the maturing rays of the ſun of ſcience to call forth their beauties and enable their poſſeſſor to fulfil the end of his exiſtence. Of improvements man has not been neglectful. The perfection to which the ſciences and arts have been carried, is a proof of the unbounded powers of the mind. Is then ſuch a being as man ſo exalted, ſo noble, capable of ſuch perfection, who can trace effects to their cauſes, bring paſt ſcenes to view, enjoy the preſent, and from analogy, judge of the future, the mere child of contingency? No, ſuch an idea is the creature only of minds corrupted by vice, who, conſcious of having forfeited all claim to felicity in another world would wiſh to believe, their exiſtence is not to be protracted beyond the preſent life.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

CIRCUMSPECTION IN SPEECH.

"Premeditate your ſpeeches—words once ſ wn
"Are in the hearer's power—not your own."

WHEN we conſider our liability to miſuſe the faculty of ſpeech, and the bad conſequences, reſulting from ſuch miſuſe, both to ourſelves and others, we ſhall be induced to believe the poet could not have given a more ſalutary caution. It is applicable to all claſſes of men in every condition of life; for, "*who hath not offended with his tongue*"? The propenſity to prattle all our thoughts, without reference to *time* or *place*, *character* or *circumſtances*, is ſo apparent among us, that a ſtranger to our ſpecies would be excuſable in thinking it an incurable imperfection of our nature. It is, however, capable of correction; for, though we are in ſome meaſure paſſive in thinking, we are ſurely active in ſpeaking our thoughts, and of courſe have power to ſpeak, or refrain from ſpeaking.

The beſt of men, it is probable, have ideas, by no means proper to publiſh to the world. Nor is it hypocriſy to conceal them—No, it is an indication of prudence and true wiſdom—it ſhows one would promote peace among his fellow men, and "preſerve his own ſoul from trouble." If a perſon be poſſeſſed of violent paſſions and reſtrain them within proper bounds, we account him worthy of praiſe—we eſtimate his virtue, in proportion to the ſtrength of his vicious paſſions. And would not a man, naturally diſpoſed (if it be proper to lay the charge to nature) I ſay would not a man, diſpoſed to ſpeak at random, be well employed in watching his tongue? He moſt certainly would—and could he bring it into ſubjection, could he once conquer the "unruly member," he would, in my opinion, be entitled to more praiſe, than all the conquerors on the globe.

We may commend ſociability; and it is truly commendable—we may admire the man of frank and open converſation, for he is indeed amiable, and yet, with the greateſt conſiſtency, contend that moſt of our thoughts, as they concern none but ourſelves, ſhould forever be locked in our own boſoms. They can neither be pleaſing nor uſeful to our fellowmen. But this rule is but partially obſerved. Many appear to ſpeak *all* their thoughts—yes, and talk much without thinking. How often do we hear people ſay, after ſome unguarded expreſſions have ſtolen from them—nay, how often have we ourſelves ſaid, "I am ſorry I ſaid ſo much—had I reflected I ſhould not—I did not think as I ſaid—I was in a paſſion, or I was in jeſt—I did not ſuppoſe my fooliſh converſation would have had the effect it had." This ſorry repentance, though infinitely better than a tenacious adherence to every paſſionate word, can never unſay what has gone out of our mouths—it can not completely heal the wounds, inflicted, perhaps, on our deareſt friends. But would we attend to the caution in our motto—would we "premeditate our ſpeeches," it is preſumed we ſhould rarely have occaſion for theſe melancholy reflections.

The inducements to circumſpection in ſpeech are many and important. The hearer frequently attaches a meaning to our words very different from what we intend. He takes into conſideration the circumſtances under which our ſpeeches are delivered; and we ſhould do the ſame in our premeditations, and be careful that they be adapted to them. The hearer, it may be, is of a jealous turn of mind—he may be poſſeſſed of ſtrong prejudices—we ſhould ſtrive to become acquainted with his diſpoſition, and make allowance for his foibles. He may be a perſon of a depraved heart, ſeeking to catch the words of an unguarded hour, whereby to injure our feelings and reputation—We ſhould then be doubly guarded, and let him receive the worſt of all puniſhments, the chagrin of diſappointment.

A lazy Correſpondent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Great men have not unfrequently condeſcended to play on words: Cicero, Shakeſpear, Julius Cæſar, &c. Marſhal Turenne, deſcribing a cowardly officer, obſerved, that of the faculties of the human mind, Captain —— poſſeſſed but one, and that was *apprehenſion*.

Port Folio.

A lady of eaſy virtue declared before ſome friends, that ſhe continued her profeſſion in order to amaſs money ſufficient to enable her to enter ſome religious houſe. Madam, replied a wit, your conduct reminds me of the practiſe of watermen, who purſue their way to the place of their deſtination with their backs turned towards it. *Ib.*

GOLDSMITH.

WHO ſhall be compared to Goldſmith? His verſe is ſofter to the ear, than the pearl of the ſea to the nerve of viſion. When I am tired with other reading, its influence is gentle, like the ſilent approaches of rain in the drought of ſummer. It flows as the village brook, which gives a pleaſant ſound, and makes the fields green and fruitful. I read him with more pleaſure than Pope, for I believe he has more exquiſite ſentiment; more of pure morals; and more of that nature, which burſts out in Thomſon, which finds a ready entrance to every heart, that is not corrupted by folly, or rendered callous by a city life. He has written little poetry, yet that little is like beads, ſtrung in holy roſaries, or the continuous vibrations of the harp at midnight. All is muſical and material in Goldſmith's verſes. If you take away any thing, you injure the whole, for the little palace in fairy land was made of precious ſtones, and the dwarf jewel in the corner was as neceſſary, as the queen diamond, ſhining in the centre. Goldſmith's hiſtories are not excellent. They were written for bookſellers or bread, and therefore compoſed in a hurry, without reflection or labour of reſearch. His "Vicar of Wakefield" is well known, and his "Citizen of the World" I read with more delight, than the "Perſian letters" of Monteſquieu. I am afraid that his volume of Eſſays is little read; but they contain a full harveſt of ſenſe in a ſtyle, ſimple and eaſy, without Swift's nudity of figure, and without Hawkeſworth's ornamental decoration.

[*Anthology.*

MARRIED,

In Munich, Jan. 14th, His Royal Highneſs Prince EUGENE NAPOLEON, ſtep-ſon to the Emperor NAPOLEON, and Viceroy of ITALY, to the Princeſs AUGUSTA, daughter of the King (late Elector) of Bavaria.

In Concord, Maſſ. the Rev. Joſeph Chickering, to Miſs Betſey White.

DIED,

In Great-Britain, the Right Honorable WILLIAM PITT, aged 47, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Firſt Lord of the Treaſury, &c. &c. &c. ſecond ſon of the illuſtrious WILLIAM, *Earl of Chatham*.—In India, Marquis CORNWALLIS, Governor General of Bengal, &c. &c. aged 60.—In Ruſſia, Count WORONZOW, the Ruſſian Imperial Chancellor.—In Boſton, Honorable *Shearjaſhub Bourne*.—In Troy, N. Y. the Hon. *John Bird*.—In Salem, Maſſ. Mrs. *Elizabeth*, conſort of Capt. Clifford Crowninſhield, aged 20.

SELECTED POETRY.

From the American Muſeum.

A MORNING HYMN.

ARISE, my ſoul! with raptute riſe!
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sov'reign of the ſkies,
Whoſe mercy lends me one day more.

And may this day, indulgent Pow'r!
Not idly paſs, or fruitleſs be;
But may each ſwiftly flying hour
Advance my ſoul more nigh to thee.

But can it be, that Pow'r divine,
Whoſe throne is light's unbounded blaze—
While countleſs worlds, and angels join,
To ſwell the glorious ſong of praiſe—

Will deign to lend a fav'ring ear,
When I, poor, abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundleſs goodneſs! he will hear,
Nor caſt the meaneſt wretch away.

Then let me ſerve thee, all my days,
And may my zeal with years increaſe;
For, pleaſant, Lord! are all thy ways,
"And all thy paths are paths of peace."

MUSIC—AN ODE.

THE various paſſions of the ſoul
Are under muſic's vaſt control.
When genius ſtrikes the lyre,
Hark! how the ſweetly-ſoothing ſtrain
Diffuſes love thro' ev'ry vein,
Awak'ning ſoft deſire.

Anon the rapid notes impart
Ecſtatic fury to the heart;
Bellona wields her ſpear;
The coward now a hero ſeems,
Of laurell'd enſigns, vict'ry dreams,
Devoid of pallid fear.

Now, like the voice of Philomel,
Th' elegiac notes are taught to ſwell,
And pity melts the heart;
The lover views th' untimely bier,
And ſheds the ſympathetic tear,
Compell'd by magic art.

And now th' allegro notes entrance;
Let gay-ey'd pleaſure lead the dance,
Her roſeate wreaths entwine.
Lo! beauty, by the graces dreſt,
Reſponſive heaves the raptur'd breaſt,
And owns thy pow'r divine.

NATURE AND GARRICK.

By Davies.

As nature and Garrick were talking one day,
It chanc'd they had words and fell out;
Dame reaſon would fain have prevented a fray,
But could not, they both were ſo ſtout.

Says Garrick, I honor you, madam, 'tis true,
And with pride to your laws I ſubmit;
But Shakeſpear paints ſtronger and better than you,
All critics of taſte will admit.

How! Shakeſpear paint better and ſtronger than me,
Cries nature (quite touch'd to the ſoul);
Not a word in his volumes I ever could ſee
But what from my records he ſtole.

And thou, wicked thief, nay the ſtory I'll tell,
Whenever I paint or I draw,
My pencils you filch, and my colours you ſteal,
For which thou ſhalt ſuffer the law.

And when on the ſtage in full luſtre you ſhine,
To me all the praiſe ſhall be given:
The toil ſhall be yours, and the honor be mine,
So nature and Garrick are even.

[The following portrait of the "witching arts" of a necromancer, with the relation of whoſe magic deeds nurſes have often affrightened children, is drawn by *Dryden* in his *Tyrannic Love.*]

Him have I ſeen (on Iſther's bank he ſtood,
Where laſt we winter'd) bind the headlong flood
In ſudden ice, and where moſt ſwift it flows,
In cryſtal nets the wand'ring fiſhes cloſe;
Then with a moment's thaw the ſtream enlarge, [charge:
And from the meſh the twinkling gueſts diſ-
In a deep vale, or near ſome ruin'd wall,
He would the ghoſts of ſlaughter'd ſoldiers call;
Who ſlow to wounded bodies did repair,
And, loath to enter, ſhiver'd in the air:
Theſe his dread wand did to ſhort life compel,
And forc'd the fates of battles to foretel:
In a lone tent, all hung with black, I ſaw
Where, in a ſquare, he did a circle draw;
Four angles, made by that circumference,
Bore holy words inſcrib'd, of myſtic ſenſe;
When firſt a hollow wind began to blow,
The ſky grew black, and belly'd down more low;
Around the field did nimble lightning play,
Which offer'd us by fits, and ſnatch'd the day:
'Midſt this was heard the ſhrill and tender cry
Of well-pleas'd ghoſts, which in the ſtorm did fly;
Danc'd to and fro, and ſkimm'd along the ground,
Till to the magic circle they were bound.

A LADY's WISH.

TO fly like birds from grove to grove,
Or wander like a bee;
To ſip of ſweets, and taſte of love,
Is not enough for me.

No fluttering paſſions wake my breaſt,
I wiſh the place to find,
Where fate would give me peace and reſt,
One ſhepherd to my mind.

With every youth I'll not be gay,
Nor try on *all* my pow'r,
Nor future pleaſures caſt away,
In trifling for an hour.

I would not reign the gen'ral toaſt,
Be prais'd by all the town;
On me a thouſand tongues are loſt,
I'll have but only *one.*

For which of all the flatt'ring train,
Who ſwarm at Beauty's ſhrine,
When youth's fair charms are in the wane,
Will court their ſure decline?

Ye fops, and wits, and beaux, forbear;
Your arts will never do;
For *one* fond youth ſhall be my care,
Life's chequer'd ſeaſons through.

My little heart ſhall have a home,
A warm and ſhelter'd reſt;
No giddy cares ſhall make me roam,
From where I am moſt bleſt.

With love, and only that dear ſwain,
What tranquil joys I ſee!
Farewell! ye falſe, inconſtant train,
For *one* is all to me.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE.

STROPHE.

COME, let us pleaſure's maze purſue,
Pleaſures ever gay and new;
Careleſs, we'll diſdain to borrow,
Smiles or ſadneſs from to-morrow:
Trip the glitt'ring Rainbow round,
Liſt the timbrel's ſilver ſound,
The breathing flute, ſo ſoft and clear,
And let Apulia's lyre be here!
Nor leſs the bard of Grecian fame,
Skill'd the pall'd ſenſes to reclaim!
Fill oh fill the melting meaſure,
Soul of muſic! ſoul of pleaſure!
Now the ſoft entrancing ſong
Steals the conſcious wire along,
Beauty mantles o'er the bowl,
Beauty wanton's through the ſoul.
Form of airy eſſence! wed
Enchantment to thy roſeate bed:
Array'd in viſionary charms,
Oh claſp me in thy glowing arms!
Then give the liquid glance of fire,
The breathing lip of young deſire,
The murm'ring ſigh, that melts away,
And ever let me baſk in rapture's golden ray!

ANTISTROPHE.

But ah, what means that deep drawn ſigh,
That heart-unburth'ning groan?
And muſt the ſtinging tranſport die?
And is the gay illuſion flown?
Perfidious fiends! that would angelic ſeem,
Yet only angels are in paſſion's dream;
I ſee the wild, the haggard ſtare,
Of him your arts have taught deſpair;
See the black triumphs of remorſeful rage,
O'er reaſon's *infancy* in nature's *age!*

LODINUS.

EPIGRAM.

Briſk Janet agreed with ſoft Lubin to wed,
And ſhortly the nymph to the altar he led.
Returning and chattering he ſeem'd indiſpos'd,
He hung down his head and his eye lids he cloſ'd:
"I'm afraid, my dear Janet, I am greatly to blame,
"I've been guilty of ſomewhat I hardly dare name;
"Hitherto I the matter, with care, have conceal'd
"But ſooner or later it muſt be revealed."
"Good heaven!" ſays Janet, what's the ſecret behind?
"You alarm me, pray ſpeak, this is very unkind;"
"Oh," ſays he, "I'd a child ere my Janet I knew,"
"*One* child!" exclaims ſhe, "Lord, Sir, *I've had two.* [*Ib.*

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